

THE STUDENT'S PEN



OCTOBER-1937

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Senior: Let's stop in at the SUGAR BOWL after the game and have a P. H. S. Special.

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Soph: I like the Sugar Bowl because all the gang goes there, and it just fits my purse.

THE SUGAR BOWL

H. B. HADDAD, Prop.

North at Melville Street, Pittsfield

THE STUDENT'S PEN

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AUTUMN

By Marguerite St. Palley

Autumn is a gypsy girl
She never comes to stay;
She brightens up the country side
Till winter comes her way.

The yellow of the goldenrod,
The pine tree's fragrant green,
The aster's pink, the gentian's blue,
The oak trees' copper sheen,

The Jack O'Lantern's orange glow
The maple's scarlet fire,
The amber gleam of ripened wheat;
Make up her gay attire.

Her jewels are plentiful and bright,
Of every size and shape.
Apples and pears in rich array
Blend with the purple grape.

She dances gaily on her way;
Behind her, as she flees
She leaves a path of bluish haze—
The fragrance of burning leaves.

On the Editor's Desk



YOUR SURPLUS WEALTH

By Dorothy Shelton

THE depression is over. Prosperity once more smiles upon us. Therefore, it is time to think of investing our surplus wealth.

What wealth?

Why, that extra nickel you have this week, or the one you may have next week; the poem you wrote last month, or the story you may write next month. These are some of your surplus riches, and if properly invested, they should bring you large profits.

What does a package of gum profit you as an investment?—Only a set of sore jaws, and you can get those by chewing your tongue. What does a popsicle profit you as an investment?—Only a few extra pounds, which you probably don't want anyway. Ah, but what does a nickel a week added to the nickel collection profit you as an investment?—A great deal. You are able not only to attend almost all football and basketball games (and who doesn't enjoy shouting himself hoarse while our boys fight on to victory); but also to receive, six months out of the year, a STUDENT'S PEN full from cover to cover with interesting material written by your classmates or, possibly, by yourself. So, if you are a wise business man, where does that extra nickel go? Into the nickel collection, of course.

As for that other wealth, that poem, story, or essay that you have written, are going to write, or would like to write, it will profit you nothing as long as it remains cooped up in

your brain. But if you were to put it on paper, hand it in to THE PEN, you might see it in print, and so might your friends; thus honor and fame would be yours.

Have you ever thought about the name of your school paper? Do you realize that it is "THE STUDENT'S PEN" not "The Staff's Pen." The title means that every student has a right to contribute to his school magazine. If you have something to say, write it out and give it to a member of THE PEN staff, or put it in THE STUDENT'S PEN box in the office; and it will be given careful consideration.

Just as a car needs gasoline and oil to keep it going, so too, our school magazine needs money and literary contributions to keep it going. It is by your support only that we can succeed. Won't you:—

Pledge your allegiance to THE STUDENT'S PEN of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts; and to the school whose students edit it, one student body, indivisible, with loyalty and support from all?

If you will, then:—

We, the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN, in order to edit the best possible school magazine, establish its record more firmly, insure its success, provide interesting reading matter, promote greater interest, and secure honor for ourselves and our posterity, do solemnly promise to put forth our best efforts in its behalf.

STUDENT OPINION

ON THE CHINESE-JAPANESE WAR

For weeks an undeclared war has been going on in China. But no matter by what name you call it, the terrific slaughter of non-combatants by a civilized nation is unthinkable. That, however, is just what Japan is doing to the untold thousands crowded into Nanking, Canton, and Shanghai.

Shanghai is bearing the brunt of this fierce attack. Never before in the history of the world has such carnage been seen.

It is, therefore, up to us, the leading nation of the world, to bring to a swift close this hideous chapter in the dismemberment of China.

We could by means of boycott and the recent Neutrality Law, exert enough pressure to make the continuance of this war a considerable embarrassment to Japan.

Charles Sinclair

ON HUGO L. BLACK

I say that Hugo Black should be denied a seat in the Supreme Court. To be fit in every way for the highest court in the United States, a man should certainly be unprejudiced toward all races and creeds. It would be practically impossible for a man who has once taken the oath of the Ku Klux Klan to be entirely so. Having known what the Klan stood for, he should never have joined; he wouldn't have joined if he had had the best interests of the people at heart. I do not see the reason why any respectable person would ever join an organization which has committed so many lawless deeds. The mere fact that he at one time joined the Ku Klux Klan shows he does not abide strictly by the principles of right and wrong. Such a man is not fit to be in the Supreme Court.

Donald Shepardson

THE SUPREME COURT CRISIS

Early in the year the nation was startled by the announcement of a court-packing plan proposed by the President. The Supreme Court had invalidated as unconstitutional the N.R.A. and a number of other important New Deal measures. As a challenge to this, the President sought to gain control of the Court by either inducing the older justices to retire or appointing six new justices, so as to insure a majority in his favor. But fortunately for the safety of our democracy (though much to the President's consternation), the measure failed to pass the Senate, and the Supreme Court stands as independent and majestic as ever.

Mr. Roosevelt announced, however, that he will fight the matter further; but in the best interests of our country, we should all oppose the efforts of any branch of our government to dominate another.

A. Herbert Boyajian

THE WPA

The WPA is here permanently. Although its jobs are less numerous, it pays high dividends in security. People don't mind working for such an amiable employer as the United States Government. Mr. Harry Hopkins, administrator of the projects, feels it necessary to keep the three or four million people, who are unemployed in prosperous times, at work. This idea originated in Rome in the days of the Gracchi brothers, and was continued until the fall of that great Empire. And now with Harry Hopkins' energetic hand at the wheel, and President Roosevelt's approving glance, the WPA seems destined to remain indefinitely.

Louis H. Miller

A LESSON FROM THE DEVIL

By Sophia Pomerantz
(For Seniors Only)

LET us rebel! Why stand for all this safe and sane talk! We've been good all our lives, and we find that it is monotonous. Now we are restless. Boys and girls, instead of learning how to drive from sissy, softy instructors, let us take a lesson from the devil.

If you faithfully follow the ensuing directions, you need never worry about manipulating an automobile again. Sit forward in your seats and pay attention. Ready!

After turning on the ignition, shift into first gear and allow the clutch to shoot back with greatest velocity so that your car does an expert imitation of a kangaroo. Now shift quickly into second, then into high without giving the motor a chance to turn over properly. Now, you are ready to press the accelerator and rush around the city like an experienced wildcat.

Dash past intersections deftly in order to avoid stopping for senseless traffic signals. Don't let a vertical jerk of an officer's hand intimidate you. He is but a servant of the people. Above all, don't develop any mollicoddle driving habits, such as stopping for school children or decrepit humans who entertain ideas of crossing the street. Whiz by them with the speed of Mercury. A good healthy scare is what this country needs.

Having rocketed through the city, you may now dawdle along to your heart's content. Gaze about you; notice the attractive young lady on the side of the road; wave to her; try to catch what she's saying. If nasty specimens of humanity in the rear sound their horns in complaint, blast yours in answer. You're a taxpayer, and therefore have as much claim to the road as they.

However, if you decide to resume your former speed, you may start by bounding on two wheels around hairpin curves at the rate of seventy-five miles per hour. Now comes

the interesting part of our lesson. At this rate you will undoubtedly attract the attention of one of Uncle Sam's uniformed bicycle boys. That is exactly what you want. Race by him blasting your horn and proceed to lead him a merry chase at breakneck speed across railroad tracks, over narrow bridges, and the like.

When you are assured that he and his bicycle are sufficiently spent, you may pause for a rest, provided that you find an expansive sign upon which is printed legibly "NO PARKING".

By this time night will have fallen, and although other motorists flash on their headlights, you should not; for it is blissful to ride in the dark. You'll probably climb a fine tree, or the side of a handsome house, and then turn over a few times, but think of all the fun you'll have "lying prostrate in a ditch, not knowing which part of you came after which."

You may wake up to hear the angels sing, and then again you may not. You took your lesson from the devil.

SELF CONTROL

By Isabelle C. Sayles

Lips, you must be smiling;
Please don't let people know
That back of flashing dimples
My heart keeps aching so!

Eyes, keep right on sparkling;
You must hold that old gleam.
I don't want anyone to know
That I have lost a dream.

Tears, you can't start falling,
Head, hold yourself straight;
And I? I'll keep on praying—
I'll hope, and love, and wait.

RAIN

By Jack Duker

IT was drizzling monotonously at 10 a. m. on the East Side of New York City. A ragged man, his slouched hat dripping water down his back, his collar turned up, and his hands in his pockets, walked aimlessly on, smoking a cigar butt. A drop of rain fell on the flame of the cigar, extinguishing it. The man pulled the butt savagely from between his teeth, looked at it, and disgustedly threw it into the gutter. He looked around. The street was empty, except for a car, with windows closed and shades drawn down, which was parked in front of the bank. It was the bank president's car. The man withdrew into a doorway to protect himself from the rain.

It was still raining at 11 a. m. "Dippy Mike," the odd-job man and loafer, still stood in the doorway. He was still looking at the car, his hat was still slouched, his collar still turned up, his hands still in his pockets. He had no cigar;—he was thinking! "Lucky guy;—wonder how he did it. A bank president! I guess it's the breaks;—yeah, it's the breaks;—nothing else but the breaks. If I could only get a break, I'd show 'em. Would I, though? I wouldn't know what to do with it. I've got no—what was that word Goldboig, the tailor, said?—oh yeah!—'initiative'. Say, that reminds me; I gotta sweep Goldboig's shop at twelve."

Again, into the rain. As Mike neared the bank, Mr. Gelte, the multi-millionaire bank president, came out. He had two imposing-looking packages under his arm. He ran toward the car. In his haste to get in out of the rain, he dropped one of the packages. Not noticing this, he drove off in the car.

"Mike's" eyes bulged. Here was a break—his break! No initiative? Goldboig's daffy! He'd show the old crackpot.—No "initiative"—huh! His brain was whirling with

these thoughts as he looked around again. Not a soul in sight! He ran to where the package lay; looked at it. "Bonds most likely; sure, bonds. Bonds! It ain't stealin'; I found it.—Sure, I found it. I'm rich!—Rich!"

He fumbled at the cord; his hand was too cold to untie the knot. He looked around, and then began to run, the package under his arm. All thoughts of Goldberg, his job, himself, were out of his mind as he ran. A break! A Break! His blood beat wildly against his temples. A Break! His Break! He ran on, and on, and on.

Officer Patrick J. O'Halloran (of the Dublin O'Hallorans) was pacing his beat with that leisurely, the-world-is-moine gait peculiar to all officers of the law. As he rounded a corner, a human cyclone struck him, knocking him down. When he looked up, he saw a ragged figure frenziedly picking up a package. He recognized "Dippy Mike".

"Hey, 'Dip',—C'miere; whatyagot?"

A hunted expression stole over "Mike's" face; he looked wildly around.

"Nuttin'—nuttin'."

"What's in the packitch?"

"Nuttin', S'help me, nuttin'."

"Y'sure?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"O. K.—Let's see."

"It's nuttin', I tell ya—nuttin'."

A cold sweat broke out on "Mike's" forehead. A thought occurred to him—an inspiration.—

"It's a package I'm deliverin' for Goldboig, the tailor—yeah! sure!—Goldboig's package."

"O. K."

"O. K.?"

October, 1937

"O. K."

Officer Patrick J. O'Halloran walked calmly on. Mike also walked on—but not very calmly; he began to run.

"Whew! That sure was a close call! It—it is stealin'; I better give it up! Sure, he'll gimme a reward—mebey. Sure he will! Then I'll have money and a clear conscience. Sure! sure, sure."

Mike ran on. He mumbled as he ran.

"Only four more blocks.—Only two more blocks." Finally he said, "Ah! here it is."

He walked in, and stepped into the elevator.

"Mr. Gelte's office."

The elevator started; eighteen floors flew by, and then the car stopped.

"Here y'are; two to the left, one to the right."

"Mike" followed the directions. He found the office and knocked.

"Come in."

"Mike" entered. An old man, evidently more than slightly deaf from the way he cocked his ear, looked up, annoyed at being disturbed.

"What is it?"

"I gotta see Mr. Gelte."

"He can't see anyone."

"Whatsa matter? He blind?"

"No; too busy."

"He'll see me, Bud."

"What do you want of him?"

"I got some bonds."

"Bombs!" The word seemed to explode just like one. A communist! A Radical! A Red! He should have known it by his appearance. (One could also have told by the color of "Mike's" nose that he was a Red.)

"Bombs?" the old man asked weakly.

"No, bonds; Bonds!"

"Oh, bonds. Very well. Go ahead—Go ahead," the secretary said, relieved.

"Mike" walked to the door marked "Private". He knocked.

"Come in."

"Mike" walked in, a strange look of importance and appeal on his face.

"What is it?"

"Ya dropped a package in front of your bank. Here it is," said "Mike", expecting a whoop of joy.

"A package? A package?—Oh yes! my cigars"—said Mr. Gelte. "Thank you very much."

"Sure," said "Mike" weakly.

The bank president opened the package.

"Have one."

It was drizzling monotonously at 1 p. m. on the East Side of New York City. A ragged man, his slouched hat dripping water down his back, his collar turned up, and his hands in his pockets, walked aimlessly on, smoking an expensive-looking cigar. A drop of rain fell on the flame, extinguishing it. The man pulled the cigar savagely from between his teeth, looked at it, and disgustedly threw it into the gutter.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By Elizabeth Armstrong

*The night was crisp and chilling,
The moon shone bright and clear;
In a tiny house by the wayside—
Revenge was about to appear.*

*A figure clad in a nightie
Crept stealthily down the steps,
And made for the door of the pantry—
Where a number of goodies were kept.*

*Fluffy an' sugary do'nuts
'N cake 'n apple pie too—
'N spicy 'an delicate cupcakes
Danced in his vision anew.*

*His tiny hand trembled expectantly
On the crystal-like knob of the door,
When alas! 'pon peeping inside he observed
That Sis had got there before.*

ALL ARE NOT POETS

By Elizabeth Byrne

TOBY TYLER put down the hood of his engine and patted it.

"There, Stella," he said, "I guess you are ready to take me to the Country Club dance. There will be just the two of us tonight. Jill is going with Archie. Gosh, I don't see how she could fall for that guy. He is such a sis. All he likes to do is spout poetry. Jill loves to hear him," he continued. "I'm glad you don't crave poetry, Stella, because you are going to be my one and only from now on, I guess. I couldn't expect a swell girl like Jill to fall for a big yap like me," looking down at his dirty hands; "if she was going with some of the regular fellows like Smithy Jaust or Fatty Clements, I could stand it. But that big-eyed, curly-headed baby."

Toby's father had given him the second-hand car two years before with the understanding that Toby was to take care of the repairs. As Toby never had much money, he had to do the repair work himself; he knew Stella to the very core of her being. He knew her happy murmurings as well as her groans of distress.

Stella and Toby had had many good times together. Jill Wakely usually had shared in these good times; but since the beginning of the summer when Archibald Snyder had come to visit his cousin Chuck Reed, while his parents toured Europe, she had ignored Toby. She seemed to have fallen, lock, stock, and barrel, for Archie and his poems.

When Toby came out of the house after supper, dressed in his new white flannels and dark blue coat, his was anything but a happy countenance. He brightened a little bit as he saw Stella all set; he could almost see her grinning. Climbing into the car, he started the engine. As Stella got under way he began to talk to "her".

"I don't see why I'm going to the dance tonight. It won't be any fun to see Jill float

by with Archie. Just kinda hoping something will turn up. Guess we'll take the back road, Stella. Jill always loved the view this way. Maybe I could think up a good poem out here. Wait a minute, Stella! Looks like somebody's having trouble up ahead. I declare it looks like Archie's car. Ahoy there! Having trouble?"

"Oh Toby!" called a voice which Toby knew to be Jill's. "Archie's got a flat that he can't fix, 'cause he'll get his trousers dirty."

"Want me to fix it for you? What a goat you are, Archie."

"I object, Mr. Tyler," said Archie, "I am not a caprine, hollow-horned ruminant."

Toby, hard at work on the tire, just grunted. He could hear Archie spouting to Jill, who evidently wasn't in the right mood. As Toby got up, Archie whispered to him timidly, "I say, Mr. Tyler, would you be so kind as to lead me to the club. I've quite forgotten the way."

"O. K. with me," said Toby.

A few minutes later as Jill was getting out of the car at the club she noticed that Toby didn't seem to have any intention of getting out of his car. "Aren't you coming in, Toby?" she called.

"My clothes are too dirty to be seen in there," he replied. "Besides, it is almost over anyway."

An hour later as Jill came down the steps she saw that Toby was still there. Going over to him she said, "Waiting for someone, Toby?"

"Yes," said Toby. "I'm waiting for you. Will you let me take you home?"

For answer Jill hopped into the car. On the way home Toby stopped where he had found them with the flat. As he looked at the moon over the lake all the poetry in his soul rose as he said, "Gosh, Jill, isn't that a swell moon?"

AMATEUR DETECTIVE

By Edith Moore

MARTIN "Scoop" Peters, a police reporter who sat around endlessly for "hot stories", was dozing in his chair outside Inspector O'Leary's office. He was suddenly aroused by the inspector who dashed out of his office, called for Detective MacNiel, and hurried out of the police station with MacNiel right behind him.

He took to his heels after the two men. If there was a story to be had, Scoop Peters was going to get it. He reached the others in time to get into their automobile, a long black police car, that sped them to their destination shrieking loudly for a clear way.

Regardless of curious questions, O'Leary gave little information of what awaited them. He did, however, tell them that a prominent criminal-lawyer had been found dead, believed to have been murdered.

"But who—who?" MacNiel asked. The inspector didn't have to answer that question, for just then the car turned into the private estate of the well known John Whitney Post, drew up to his magnificent home, and stopped.

"John Post!" Scoop and Mac chorused unbelievably.

The three men were admitted by a short, stooped man of about middle age. His face bore the trace of a faint, icy smile, as he turned and led them through a huge living room, into a small library.

The dark, high ceilinged room was walled with books. A portrait of some long forgotten ancestor hung over the mantle of an open fireplace. A large walnut desk stood in the center of the curiously patterned wine-red rug; velvet drapes of the same color hung to the floor from a large French window, a short distance behind the desk. On the floor beneath the window lay the body of Post.

The inspector examined the body; he

found that Post had been stabbed with a pearl handled letter opener, which had been wiped clean of finger prints. He then covered the body with a shawl taken from Mrs. Post. Seeing a telephone on the desk, he caught it up and called the coroner.

Scoop telephoned his paper and reported the story that shocked the city in the afternoon papers.

O'Leary turned to Mrs. Post, a small, fair woman, "Who was here, last night,—besides your husband?"

"No one." She paused for a moment. "We have few servants here. My maid, Ruth, was with me; John had sent his secretary on an errand; Mrs. Slade, the housekeeper, was at the theater; and Albert, the butler, was at the other house—in the city, you know."

A tall, young girl walked gracefully into the room. She was clad in a simple sports dress, her copper-colored hair caught the rays of the sun as she stood in the doorway. "I was here, last night," she said briefly, defiantly.

"Janet!" Mrs. Post cried anxiously.

"Yes. I was to have gone out, but I had a headache, so I stayed in my room."

"Officer, this is our—my daughter," Mrs. Post explained.

"Did you hear anything unusual last night?" the inspector asked.

"No. I went to bed early, and went right to sleep."

"I'd like to question the servants," O'Leary said turning to Mrs. Post. She left the room; when she returned, they were with her.

"This is Thomas Ray, my husband's secretary," Mrs. Post said, seeing that O'Leary was looking at the man. He was short, and thin, and seemed to be very nervous; his eyes kept moving about the room.

"Were you here last night?" the policeman asked.

"Yes. At about six o'clock Mr. Post told me to deliver a brief-case to a friend," he said quickly.

"Did you come back?"

"No."

The inspector turned to a young girl, "What's your name?"

"Ruth Willard, sir," she said softly.

"Oh, yes—you were with Mrs. Post." The frightened girl nodded, and seeing that she was dismissed, hurriedly left the room.

"Who are you?" the inspector asked turning to an elderly woman.

"I am the housekeeper—my name's Angelina Slade," said the plain looking woman.

"Were you here last night?"

"No. It was my night off; I spent the evening with friends."

Turning to the last one, the man who had admitted them, he asked his name.

"Albert Dobie, the butler, sir," said the man. O'Leary noticed that there was no emotion expressed on his long, dark face; he kept clenching his fists. He wondered what thoughts lay beyond his cold, grey eyes.

"Were you here, last night?"

"No. I was at the other house," he said matter-of-factly.

"—Yes?" said the policeman sardonically. "Well, that's all." The servants left the room. Mrs. Post turned to go.

"Wait a minute!" Mrs. Post turned around, a startled expression on her face. "When did you see your husband alive last?" asked O'Leary.

"Yesterday—I've been visiting friends," she answered nervously.

"When did you come home?"

"Early this morning—but, why I don't see—"

"That will do, Mrs. Post."

A tall dark man carrying a doctor's bag entered the room. "Hi, Inspector," he addressed O'Leary, "what's up?"

"There's your patient," said the inspector as he left the room. He was satisfied with the case, as cases go. He left now, handing full charge over to Mac, who in the meantime had been collecting clues. The murderer had been clever enough not to leave much for him to work with, but he was confident that he'd soon clear the case with what he had.

* * * * *

From the beginning, the only one that Scoop had noticed was Janet Post. Though he didn't know who she was, he walked over to her as soon as the inspector had finished questioning her. He liked her glowing auburn hair, brown eyes, the freckles that spanned her white face, and her hard, determined little chin.

"Who killed the old man?" Scoop asked in a friendly manner to start a conversation. She looked at him closely, smiled bitterly, and shrugged her small shoulders. She didn't seem to mind his talking to her, nor did she seem to like it. She seemed troubled; Scoop wished that he could help her. His dark head bent closer to her, his expression was mockingly serious; he looked into her eyes and asked softly, "Did you do it?"

She became frightened; she turned quickly away from him. "Let me alone, won't you?" she cried crossly. She threw him a distrusting glance and fled. Scoop whistled softly to himself, scratched the back of his head, and fell to wondering.

For a while the case seemed stilled. The secretary insisted that he didn't know what had been in the brief-case that he had delivered to Post's friend on the night of his death, nor would he tell to whom he'd taken it. He argued that it was purely a personal matter, and had nothing to do with the murder. Though it angered him, Mac could not help being impressed by Ray's loyalty.

When he talked to Ruth, she wept softly. He was sorry for the troubled girl, and spoke kindly to her. He liked her large, blue eyes, and sweet childlike face, but the detective in

him rebelled at trusting this frightened, unhappy girl altogether.

The housekeeper seemed pleased with Post's untimely death, but Mac put her down merely as an imbibed old maid, strongly against all men, dead or alive.

He learned from Mrs. Post that Janet was only an adopted daughter, but he didn't believe this to be important.

When he questioned Dobie, he noticed that faint trace of an icy, confident smile he'd seen on the man's face before. His cold, expressionless eyes made Mac shiver in spite of himself. He didn't learn much from him, but it was a relief to have finished talking with the strange man. Mac mistrusted this dark little butler, but he did not believe him capable of murder. "He hasn't enough feeling to kill," he said disgustedly.

One night while he was in the library, hearing someone coming, he snapped out the lights, hid behind the wine colored curtains, and waited. A dark figure entered the room, shut the door, and looked cautiously about. It was a woman. She hurried to the desk and searched quickly through the drawers; not finding what she was looking for, she tip-toed across the room and stopped in front of the fireplace. She moved the huge portrait over the mantle forward, disclosing a safe which she fingered familiarly; in a second it was open. She snatched some papers out of the safe, and hid them behind some books on a shelf by her side. She quickly closed the safe, and replaced the portrait, then she walked calmly over to the desk. She picked up the phone, dialed a number, and waited. "Hello—King?" She looked about her again. "I found them. Yes, I hid them in a place where no one will ever think to look. I'll see you soon, good-bye."

As she hung up the receiver, Mac jumped out from behind the curtains and caught her wrist. She fought him, but he was a large man. He came face to face with his captive—Janet Post! "So—you did it!" he exclaimed, "you

certainly had me fooled, young lady. Come along, we'll have a little talk."

All the next week Janet was very quiet. Mac kept what he'd learned to himself. Though he was convinced that she was guilty, he had no proof with which to arrest her. He wanted her to think that he didn't really believe her responsible for the crime. His motto was: give a murderer enough rope and he'll hang himself.

Scoop tried many times to become friendly with her, but since she did not trust anyone, he was unsuccessful.

Janet had refused to talk about the phone call. Mac found the papers that she had tried to conceal. They were concerned with a case of Foster Blane, a noted gang leader; they listed, and gave histories of some of the members of the gang, of which Janet was undoubtedly a member. He linked Janet's phone call with King Dawes, one of the names on the list. Among many things, the gang seemed to be clever blackmailers, and probably had been trying to blackmail Post. The mystery seemed to be unwinding.

One evening when all the "suspects" were assembled, Mac announced that he was about to make an arrest. Janet looked terrified. After thanking them all for their cooperation he began, "Janet Post, I—"

He was interrupted by Ruth Willard, who cried, "No, no! I'll tell—I'll tell. You mustn't—!" But she never had a chance to tell them what she knew. The lights were switched off, and a loud report was heard; a woman screamed. When the lights were turned on again, Ruth was on the floor—dead. Janet Post had fainted!

That week Scoop turned detective. He was laughed at by his friends who called him "Amateur Detective." He left nothing unturned; soon he learned all of the facts Mac had learned, and more! He had ceased to suspect Janet—that put fight into him.

Scoop and Janet became close friends; her

face beamed with pride when she watched him. She had lost her troubled, hurt expression, and was beginning to "act human", as Mac—who had also stopped suspecting her—put it.

On the night that Scoop was to announce his suspect, and state his proof, everyone was excited, including Mac. All eyes were on Scoop as he stood in the center of the huge living room, and stated his facts. "The murderer is a man," he explained. "He belonged to a noted gang, led by Blane Foster, who was in trouble. He wanted the best available lawyer—Post. When Post refused to take his case he tried to force him. How—it doesn't matter," he said looking into Janet Post's understanding eyes. "When he saw that he had failed again, he decided to take one last, long chance. He worked from the inside, rather, he used a representative on the inside—the murderer. He was clever, but not clever enough. He almost succeeded, but he lost his temper, and his nerve. He confided in a woman, and tried to bully her into helping him—now she is dead. The murderer is—."

Again the lights went out. There were screams of terror; a flash of fire, and a loud report; heavy fleeing footsteps.

When the lights were turned on, they saw that Scoop had fallen back on a couch behind him. He raised himself on his elbows and shouted, "Get Ray!" There was a wave of murmuring, and exclamation. Mac darted off, the others followed.

Scoop fell back on the couch. Janet flew to

him. They were alone, she didn't know what to do. She saw that he was hurt. He had fainted.

"Scoop—Scoop dear. Are you all right? Oh, my dear!" she cried in despair.

"That's all I wanted to know," Scoop cried jumping up.

"But—but, how?" Janet asked puzzled.

"Oh, that," Scoop said modestly. "You see when I saw those Blane papers you tried to hide I knew they were important. I looked them up in the morgue, the paper's files you know, and was surprised to find King Dawes—your brother, mixed up in it. You see, I had found out about him from the city records—it was swell of you to try to shield him; I guess he must have his good points. I found that brief-case in Blane's apartment—Oh, I've been doing a lot of sneaking around," Scoop laughed. "Those papers told the whole story. That gang had dug up all the skeletons in the Post family for four generations, with which to blackmail Post. I was really surprised to find Ray among them—Ray the faithful, loyal servant. Ha, he's been cheating your father for years! It's too bad he had to kill Ruth."

"It's too bad he got away," Janet said wistfully.

"Ray is a fool!" Scoop cried disgustedly. "We had the place surrounded by police. He didn't get away."

He put his good arm around Janet. She looked at him, her pride shining in her dark eyes. Then he did what all heroes do at the end of a story.



HALLOWE'EN AND ALL'S QUIET

By Loraine Dakin

"LOOK, Theva," cried Tim as he raced into the living-room, "just see what Mr. Talbot gave us, the gang and me! Isn't he just the tops? Do you know what—"

"Tim!" Theva gave him a big sister's stare, "you know mother told you to talk more slowly. Now, what is it?" she asked condescendingly, thinking to herself what trouble it was to have a brother fourteen months younger than oneself.

"Mr. Warren Talbot, the editor of the Madison News, came to our school today and gave us all tickets to a moving picture party in 'Tilly's Glen' Hallowe'en Night. Isn't it just grand of him?" asked Jim rapturously, for Mr. Talbot, (Warren to the boys of the neighborhood) was an idol.

"Hmm-ph, not at all," said Theva a trifle bored, "I think it was just to keep you—you—well" she finished, "you children out of mischief. And besides—the Red Corner Store was robbed the other night of two dollars and forty cents; Mr. Cassidy, the patrolman, told me," importantly,—"told me that they think boys did it. So there! Now let me read."

"O. K., Sis, but I still think you ought to come yourself—you'll miss a lot of fun," Tim said over his shoulder as he skipped into the hall on the way to the ice box.

Secretly, Warren was worshipped by Theva, too. One nice smile he gave her when they met on the street, made her feel singled out of her group of girl friends—but to have her "little brother" know, and probably tease her about it, "no, thank you!"

* * * *

"Gosh, it's lonesome—and on Hallowe'en night, too," remarked Theva to Pudge her little dog. "Well, I guess we'll go out, shall we?" She slipped into her brother's coat, thinking that if she were to be the town "tom boy" with her bobbed hair and short skirts she might as well look the part.

The streets, usually so filled with gay figures on Hallowe'en night, were deserted except for George Merriman, the town drunk, who in spite of the cold, was peacefully dozing in front of Kendric's cafe.

Theva had not gone far when she saw someone walking up a back street. Hoping it was some one she knew, she hurried up the dark alley. When she arrived at the place where she had seen the figure no one was there, but looking about, she saw a round circle of light, which was made by a flashlight, shining in the next backyard. Suddenly the light went out. As Theva heard no sound, she silently climbed over the little fence into the backyard of the Red Corner Store. Passing through that yard and the connecting one of a radio shop, she missed Pudge, and whistled. She heard him growling and called him away from the packing cases in back of the store, admonishing him for chasing rats, or whatever he was growling at.

As she tried to squeeze through the hole in the radio store's fence, she became caught. As she struggled to free herself, a tall figure came running from the adjoining yard, scaled the fence and disappeared. Theva was astonished. She drew a breath of relief as a board gave way and permitted her to rise. Just then a flashlight shone in her eyes and Mr. Cassidy's robust face stared at her in amazement.

"Faith, and what air ye doin' here, me lass?" he asked, "and what is that?" pointing to a round package at her feet. Picking it up, he disclosed a neatly wrapped roll of pennies. "Ah, I nivver would 'a thought it of ye," he exclaimed dolefully.

"You mean you think I stole those?" Theva cried indignantly, and she proceeded, hotly, to defend her presence there, and her innocence.

The next day in court Theva told her story and said, "Your Honor, I know who stole

(Continued on Page 28)



And Why

LADIES' MAN

You've surely seen him strutting about in the halls, his manly chest thrust forward and upon it a large purple and white letter "P". Yes, he is the captain of our football team, Frederick Di Maggio Najimy. He has an enticing personality and a charming manner with the ladies. In his own words: "What this high school needs is more redheads." Najimy has hopes of managing the New York Yankees in the near future.

EDITOR

Her friends call her "Dot", but don't let her catch you calling her "Red". This hard-working little girl, besides being the new editor of THE PEN, is vice president of Dramatic Club and a gym squad leader. She is always good-natured, but insists she has a temper. Loves a good time, clothes, ice cream and talking. Loathes home work. She hopes to attain the great height of five feet, one inch some day.

"BOBBIE"

The petite Senior B who now holds the Gi Y presidency, is Barbara Hanely, or just "Bobbie". She is very energetic for her size, participating in hockey, archery, and swimming, besides making her own very excellent clothes and cooking fancy dishes (but not washing them). "Bobbie" possesses an engaging smile and a contagious sense of humour. Altogether "Bobbie" is a delightful companion.

DAISY

"Daisy" is a cute name, but when attached to the Senior A president, it's better still. Bruce "Daisy" MacDonald likes to travel, listen to Bunny Berigan's swing band, and sit for twenty-four hours in a math class. (What can be the attraction?) His pet antipathies are chow mein and history. Although he now dawdles his time away in a grocery store, he declares that the world has seen nothing until he becomes a chemical engineer. Look out, Mr. Leahy!

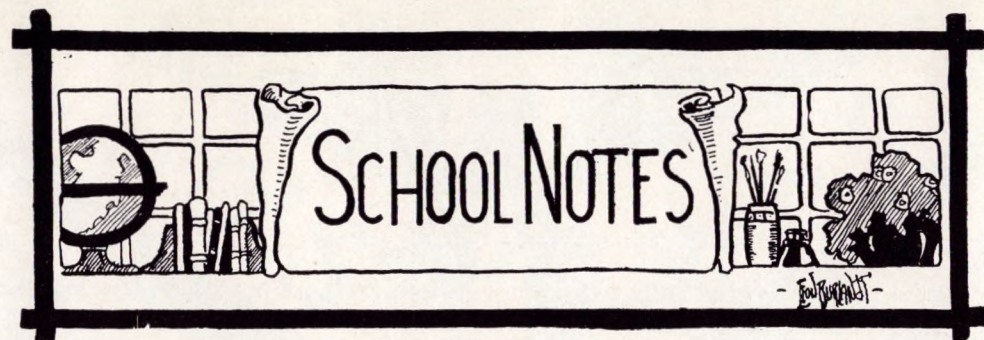
MASTER OF ALL

Remo Zola is the blond, blue-eyed business manager of THE PEN. His voice has echoed many times in the Debating room, and his skillful drawings have adorned many a cover on our magazine. Remo holds the first prize in the F. M. T. A. model airplane contest, but claims that his hobbies are stamp-collecting and photography. To him, chemistry is the "ace" subject of Pittsfield High. Although Zola seems to be master of all trades already, obtaining his parents' consent for a driver's license is his chief aim in life.

GOOD STUDENT

"A thoughtful and serene girl," one would say of Janet Shipton. She is endowed with marked intelligence, wit, and ambition. "Athletics is the spice of life"—anyway, so thinks Janet. After 2.30 one is most likely to find her in the midst of either hockey, archery, or baseball games in the rear of our scholastic domicile. Janet is just the kind of student every teacher hopes for, in that chipped beef, and not homework, is her only antipathy. Athletic, studious, and brilliant, Janet makes a most excellent Tri-Hi President.





SENIOR A ELECTIONS

At a class meeting early in September the Senior A Class unanimously reelected the following officers for their final semester:

Bruce MacDonald	President
Henry Miller	Vice President
Ruby Cockrill	Treasurer
Julia Zimba	Secretary

At this same meeting Geraldine McConkey was elected chairman of the play committee. She selected the following committee to aid her: Mary Scott, Dorothy Vincent, Albert Laurin, Peter Calutte, Alfred Lovelle, Angelina De Fillipo, Mildred Carmel, Fay Grady, Silvio Rotti, and Wallace Motter.

SENIOR B ELECTION

On September 21, the Senior B class followed the worthy example of the Senior A's and reelected their junior year officers:

Edward Callahan	President
Donald Shepardson	Vice President
Alice Piccini	Secretary
Elizabeth Hearn	Treasurer

DRAMATIC CLUB

At the second meeting of the year of the Dramatic Club, a short entertainment was given for the benefit of those who were seeking admittance to the Club. Under its new officers, namely: Meriel Van Buren—President, Dorothy Shelton—Vice President, Isabelle Sayles—Secretary, and George Milne—Treasurer, the Club has decided to meet every two weeks, pay dues, and have an entertainment or talk of some sort at each meeting. The Club plans to present, in the near future, a one-act comedy entitled "The Mad Breakfast."

NEW TEACHERS

Two new teachers have been added to the faculty at Pittsfield High School: one joins the commercial department; the other succeeds Mr. Denison as art instructor. This seems to be a most opportune time to present them to the student body.

To the staff of commercial teachers has been added Mr. Joseph McGovern. He is a native of Pittsfield, graduated from P. H. S. and then from Saint Michael's College. He is a very modest person who dislikes publicity. His ambition is to be another Socrates; his favorite sport, talking a good game of golf. His previous teaching experience consists of substitute teaching at Pontoosuc and Plunkett Junior High Schools, as well as at P. H. S.

Our new art instructor is Mr. Thomas Curtin. He has attended the National Academy of Design, Vesper George Art School, and has studied under such famous artists as Emile Gruppe and Charles Hawthorne. In addition he is a member of the North Shore Art Association, where he exhibits annually. Outside of art he is particularly interested in music and very fond of baseball. Before being appointed here, he taught in Emile Gruppe's Art School.

We welcome both these teachers to our school and hope that their stay with us will be a long and pleasant one.

THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club held its first meeting of the new school year on Thursday, September 16, with a fair attendance. Officers for this term are: President, Hugh Toomey; Vice President, Sophia Pomerantz; Secretary,

Edward Sullivan; Moderator, Edward J. McKenna. Following its custom, the club intends to hold debates and discussions with an occasional outside speaker.

Prospects for the County Debates are promising, with five members of last year's victorious teams still in the club and several sophomore candidates with junior high school training. Any student interested is welcome to become a member of the club.

FACULTY TALK

It seems that we have some coming athletes among the feminine members of the faculty. Miss Casey admits that she is fond of golf. Mrs. Beahan tells us in confidence that she likes swimming.

We are fast acquiring a faculty which is being recognized in other fields. During the summer both Miss Power and Miss Master-son exhibited paintings at the Art League Exhibition. Mr. Curtin, too, was represented by two beautiful winter scenes.

It certainly is news when a teacher is coached by a pupil. It seems that Jack Talbot has been giving Miss Nagel a few pointers on golf. How would you like to see the dignified Latin teacher wield a club—or does it depend on the kind she is using?

SOPHOMORE NOTES

At an assembly for sophomores Principal Strout commended them for their good conduct in the building. Perhaps the sophs will turn out to be better behaved than their "dignified" upper class brothers and sisters.

Mr. Smith has promised his vocal music students a concert. I hear that he tells that to all the sophomore classes.

Some of the pupils who heard the Master Singers said that they were waiting to hear "Merry Go Round Broke Down". Dear me! Where is their culture?

The home room secretaries held a meeting under the direction of Mr. Carmody. Do you always keep the ladies waiting, Mr. Carmody?

BALLET DANCER

Carmen Scanzo, former member of the junior class at P. H. S., recently made her first professional appearance in a ballet ensemble in the International Casino in New York City.

Carmen, who had just completed a three-year dancing course at the Roma Serra Studio, was one of fifteen chosen from fifty applicants to dance in the ensemble under the direction of Chester Hale.

LOOKING AHEAD

When asked for a comment on the Senior B class, Mr. James Conroy, class adviser, gave out the following statement:

"The Senior B's are looking forward to a most successful year."

And what have the Senior A's to say for themselves? Miss Helene Millet, their adviser and official mouthpiece, is quoted thus:

"Remember how quickly you were back at school?—Start planning now to attend the Senior Play—probably sometime in January. The committee promises you a grand evening's entertainment."

HERE AND THERE

Have you noticed the pet canines that the girls are wearing on their lapels? Is it just a fad or are we really going to the dogs?

Speaking of dogs, it looks as though Pittsfield High has another good football team this year. It came through with flying colors in its first game of the season against Lee High School.

Girls' Sports have started in earnest again—any afternoon after school you can see a hockey game being played on the ground back of the school, or if you prefer it to hockey, there is also archery.

The Master Singers, the first in the list of assemblies, were well received by the enthusiastic audience. If the rest are as good as they, this year's series will be even better than last year's.

GLIMPSES OF P.H.S.



THE
BEWILDERED
SO PHOMORE



MEN WANTED AS BODY GUARDS FOR
TED SHAWN AGAINST FEMALE
AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS

P.S.

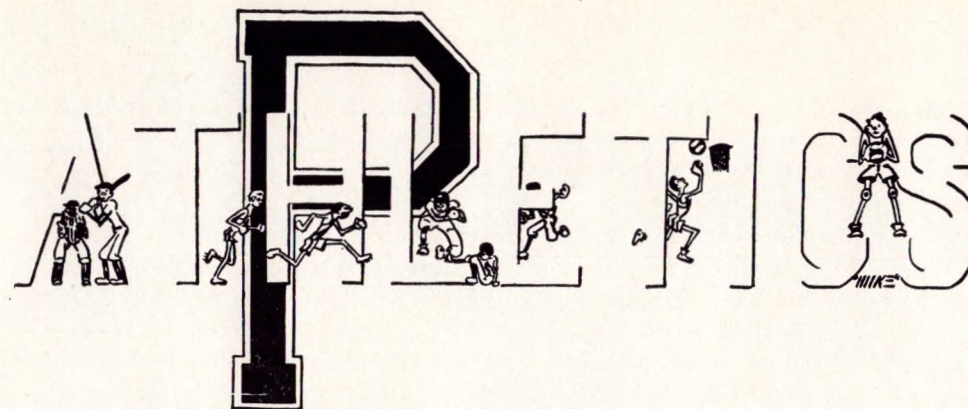
THE FOOTBALL TEAM WAS
SUGGESTED



FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS



WHAT A FAD!!!!



PITTSFIELD UPSETS GREENFIELD 14-12

Robert C. Moore

They said it couldn't be done, but evidently Coach Stewart's men didn't realize that, so they defeated their powerful Greenfield foes 14-12 before 4,000 highly elated fans gathered on the Common. It was their second consecutive triumph of the 1937 season and the first on their home grounds.

Led by the reliable Gunnar Hagstrom and displaying a spirited brand of ball, they held off a heavier and more experienced eleven for the major part of the game.

Pittsfield scored entirely in the first half and for the balance of the game hung tenaciously to their slim lead, although a severe blast in the third period nearly shook them loose. Neither team took to aerials but worked a jolting ground attack throughout.

In the first period just two plays after his fifty-one-yard boot had been pinned on Greenfield by Lavelle and Foley, Hagstrom, on a cut-back through tackle, twisted through the clutching secondary and stumbled across for the initial six points. Strizzi added the point.

The very next play was the most talked of play of the game. Hagstrom allowed the kick off to roll over the goal line, believing it to be a touchback. But sad to say, the rules stated otherwise, and Rurek, the kicker, rushed downfield and downed the ball in the end zone for a touchdown. The try for point failed.

Standing on his own thirty-yard line in the middle of the next stanza, Hagstrom smothered a bounding punt, and twisting and turn-

ing his way through a maze of Greenfield tacklers, crossed the goal line seventy yards away. A veritable phalanx of interferers brought him in from the Greenfield thirty. Strizzi rushed the point.

Coming back with a resuscitated attack in the second half, Greenfield marched seventy-nine yards in thirteen plays making six first downs en route. Rurek, the Greenfield spark plug, plunged over from the one. From then until the last play the teams battled between the two twenty-yard markers.

Only one pass was completed during the game when Greenfield's desperate toss connected on the last play. . . . Pittsfield was outdistanced in first downs ten to six. . . . Hagstrom's kicks averaged forty-four yards; one was fifty-six, which is good kicking anywhere. . . . With these punts and his shifty runs he led the Pittsfield squad. . . . Ralph Renzi, Joe Albano, and Chuck Downey were outstanding in the line. . . . Lavelle at end and Strizzi at half played good ball. On the whole the team showed a marked improvement over its play in the Lee contest.

PITTSFIELD SUBDUES LEE 20-0

Robert C. Moore

Seizing two scoring chances presented to them and throwing in one of their own for luck, the Pittsfield High gridders opened their 1937 season with a 20-0 victory over Lee.

Taking everything that was offered to them and a little more, P. H. S. outplayed its Lee rivals, scoring seven first downs to two and gradually improving as the game wore on.

The blocking and tackling took on a serious aspect, while the running and passing attack kept the ball in Pittsfield's possession through the major part of the game.

Within five minutes of the opening kickoff, P. H. S. had accepted the first break and scored when Hagstrom took Pytko's bullet pass on the two-yard line. Volsky rushed the point. Midway in the second period Strizzi smothered a pop fly fumble on the Lee twenty and a few moments later plunged over. Hagstrom went over for the extra. In the fourth, Hagstrom swept left end and with a blanket of interference dashed fifty yards to score. Two plays previous to this Gunnar had been free on a ninety-yard touchdown gallop, but forgot the ball when he reached the fifty.

SPORTS PARADE

Robert C. Moore

With practically a new team Pittsfield High looks out on what seems to be its greatest array of football clashes in recent years.

Sept. 25, Lee at Lee; Oct. 2, Greenfield at home; Oct. 9, Williamstown at Williamstown; Oct. 16, Holyoke at home; Oct. 23, Adams at home; Oct. 30, Drury at North Adams; Nov. 6, Poughkeepsie at home; Nov. 13, Agawam at home; Thanksgiving, St. Joseph on the Common.

With two of these games successfully disposed of and the team showing a quick pick-up, it is needless to say the outcome seems quite bright. However, the outcome of football games are always a puzzle, and with the rest of its schedule studded with stubborn rivals who are not so likely to acquiesce to past scores, we can only sit tight and await developments.

That kickoff touchdown that Greenfield scored so easily brings to mind the Pittsfield-Poughkeepsie game of 1930. Pittsfield had tried for a field goal and missed. The ball had settled on the Poughkeepsie five-yard line when suddenly a Poughkeepsie player scooped it up and loped through the incredulous Purple and White for the only score of the game.

Evidently the attempted field goal had tired our boys, for there never was an easier ninety-five-yard gallop.

Lavelle did a fine job at end getting down under those punts with an extra burst of speed. . . Cap Najimy and Ralph Renzi turned in nice jobs, alternating at guard. . . Hagstrom led the backfield with his fast shifty runs and lofty kicks; but for an all around performance of consistent ground gaining, the honors go to Strizzi. Pytko also showed up well in passing. . . A tragedy nearly occurred when Pittsfield started to kick off from the fifty-yard line after their first set of points. The alert umpire dashed out, took a look, and subtracted ten yards. . . About forty Pittsfield fans cheered the team to victory—no cheerleaders.

GREENFIELD STAR

Since there will be enough time later to praise our own squad, it seems appropriate that we should pay tribute to one of the best football players to oppose Pittsfield on the gridiron in recent years. He is Greenfield's Rurek, a towering six-footer weighing close to one hundred and ninety. All who saw him batter our stalwart line, score both touchdowns, and virtually play the game by himself will admit that he is an ideal football player, whom we can not help but admire and remember for many a day.

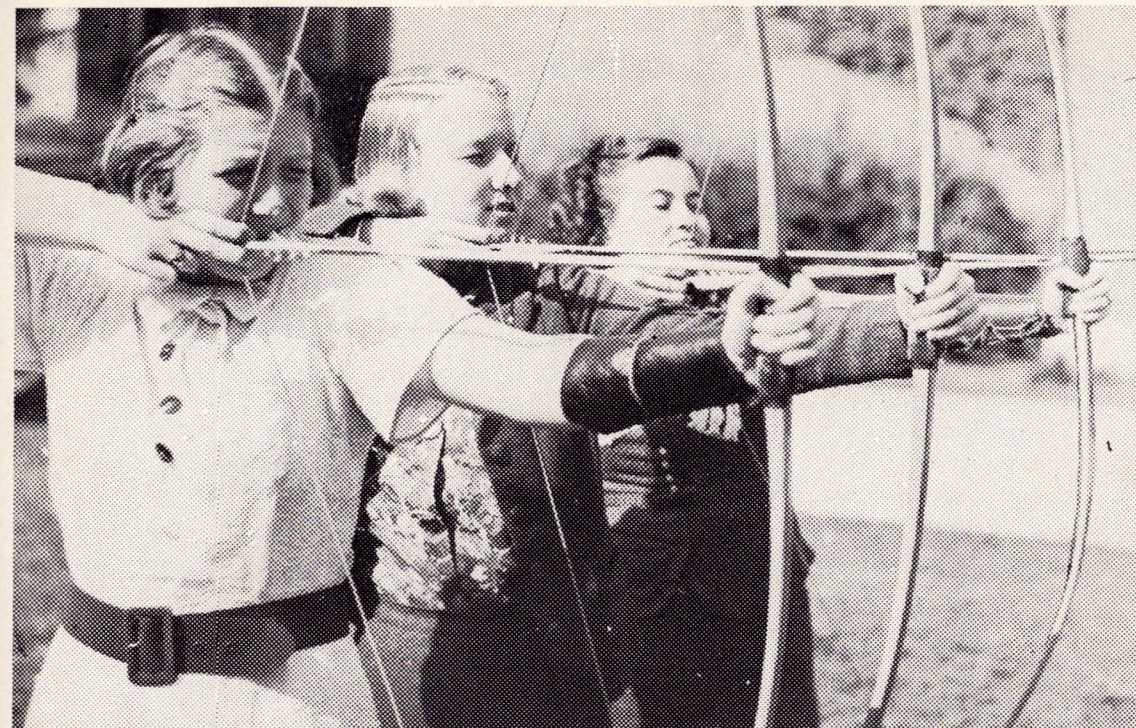
INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Bud Williams

All boys interested in intramural sports should report to Coach Carmody as soon as he sends the notice around.

This year the Coach is going to have intramural games in the sports in which the boys are most interested. He will choose from the following list; so all you advocates of these sports, report and enjoy some good clean fun. The sports are: Touch football, soccer, basketball, hockey, bowling, skiing, tennis, baseball.

The Coach's plan is to have the sports in their seasons, and which ever get the most support will be the ones played.



GIRLS' SPORTS

By Lorraine Dowd and Dorothy Douglas

ARCHERY

We all know that Robin Hood has appeared on the scene once again. Every Monday and Thursday afternoons, the Senior A Girls are found on the east side of the building, bending their bows and trying patiently to hit the target. Many of the girls complain of aches and pains. Don't mind girls, keep up the good work!

VOLLEYBALL

A new sport, volley ball, was introduced into the after school activities, this fall and seems to be welcomed with great enthusiasm by the girls. From the number who went out for this sport, it seems that it will be very popular. One thing especially noticeable was that many girls who do not go out for any other sport, such as baseball, basketball, and hockey, responded to the call of volleyball.

HOCKEY

Hockey, the most important sport of the present season, has gotten under way in fine shape. The sophomores while in action, act like veterans, and the Juniors, and Seniors, who have played before enter right into the game with vim and vigor.

TOURNAMENTS

The tournaments for the three games above mentioned will be held sometime in the middle of October. Great interest should be shown in the games which will determine the girl hockey, volleyball, and archery champions of the school.

COMING

Girls who wish to take track or social dancing will have to wait until November 1st, at which time the Shawn Dancing Classes will also start. Those who are interested in basketball and bowling must wait until after Christmas before they can exhibit their skill.

PITTSFIELD HIGH CHEERS AND SONGS

SHORT CHEERS

The Siren: Long whistle—Boom

Pittsfield, Rah.

Crescendo: Piiiiiiittsfield,

Fight, Team, Fight.

(Started by Students)

Pittsfield with two sides:

P-I-T-T-S F-I-E-L-D

P-I-T-T-S F-I-E-L-D

P-I-T-T-S-F-I-E-L-D

Pittsfield, Pittsfield,

Team, Team, Team

HI ZEP ZIP ZO

Hi zep zip zo,

Yea bo, let's go,

Pittsfield High School

Team, Team, Team.

Repeat second time—Faster

Repeat third time—Very fast.

LONG PITTSFIELD

Piiiiiiittsfield, Piiiiiiittsfield,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Piiiiiiittsfield,

Team, Team, Team.

LONG FIGHT

Piiiiiiittsfield, Piiiiiiittsfield,

Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight,

Fight, Fight,

Piiiiiiittsfield,

Team, Team, Team.

CHEERS

With a P and a P and a P-I-T

With a P and a P and a P-I-T

With a P-I-T-T-S;

And an F and an F and an F-I-E

And an F-I-E-L-D,

Pittsfield, Pittsfield

Team, Team, Team.

Acka-Lacka-Chee

Acka lacka chee, acka lacka chow;

Acka lacka chee chee chow chow chow;

Booma lacka, booma lacka, sis boom bah

Pittsfield, Pittsfield, Pittsfield.

Give 'Em The Ax

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax;

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax;

Where? Where? Where?

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck;

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck;

There, There, There.

SONGS

CHEER ON OLD PITTSFIELD

Cheer on old Pittsfield,

Pittsfield must win;

Fight to the finish,

Never give in;

Rah, Rah, Rah, (unaccented)

You do your best, boys,

We'll do the rest, boys

Fight on to victory;

Rah, Rah, Rah. (accented)

SLUM AND GRAVY

(Tune: The Vagabond King)

Sons of strife and danger,

Will you let a stranger

Take from us a victory?

Sons of strength and courage,

Foes cannot discourage,

Fight your way to victory.

Onward, onward, carry on the fight,

Forward, forward, the Purple and the White

Pittsfield High to glory,

Through this thick and gory;

Fight your way to victory.

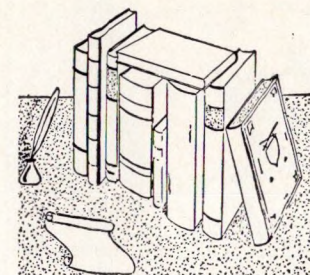
MARCH DOWN THE FIELD

March right on down the field, fighting for
Pittsfield;

Crash right through (name of other team)
line, their strength to defy.

Then give a long cheer for Pittsfield's men,
they're here to win again;

(Name of other team) men may fight to the
end, but we will win.



Books on Parade

By Bette Dunn

A CITY of Bells, by Elizabeth Goudge. To those, who have read "Island Magic" and become acquainted with Elizabeth Goudge, no more need be said. She has accomplished what most readers consider the impossible, the publishing of a second book with as much charm and personality as the first.

A City of Bells is laid in an English cathedral town with all its rare characters and mellow atmosphere, its petty jealousies, constant gossip, and delightful cross currents. All this is just a background for our hero, Jocelyn Irvin, a young man with few talents and not too much ambition, who runs a local bookshop. Into his life comes a ten year old orphan, Henrietta, and with her, Hugh Anthony, who brings the quota of questions that only a twelve year old might ask. To make this a true melodrama, Miss Goudge has provided us with a villain, Ferranti, a strange and twisted genius, and a lovely heroine in the form of England's leading lady of the legitimate stage. Ferranti's development of mind and body and the peace and contentment that are expressed in the conclusion leave one with a satisfied feeling.

An American Doctor's Odyssey, by Victor Heiser. Of all the intriguing books of adventure this is by far the best that I have ever read.

It is written to the pulsating rhythm of a man's travels in a far off land, while executing the duties of the medical profession. From the time he receives his M.D. degree until he acquires his present position, that of a post at

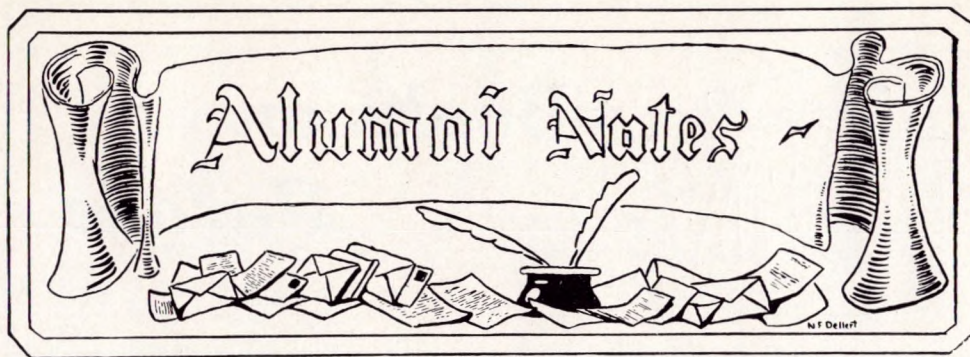
Medical Center, you wonder at the fullness and richness of his life.

When one looks at the book, the length is more than discouraging, but from the first chapter, when the reader experiences the horrors of the Johnstown Flood, he has a feeling of personal friendship for Victor Heiser, and a desire to follow him from the Immigration office on Staten Island to the sultry heat of the Philippines; along the coast of Japan during the Yellow Fever plague, then back to the U.S.A. in time to take a hand in the typhoid epidemic of 1914-1915.

When our minds feel adventuresome and our lives very dull, I heartily suggest a trip with Dr. Heiser by way of An American Doctor's Odyssey.

The Nile, by Emile Ludwig. Critics are unanimously agreed that this book, published early in the year, is Ludwig's greatest. As we follow the course of the Nile, originating in a primordial land of wild beauty, there arise before your eyes all the shadows of the past; an endless train of historical figures, the warring tribes, the strange races, that have desperately fought and struggled for existence along the shores. Here is the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; of Alexander the Great; of the Ptolemies; of Caesar, Anthony and Cleopatra; of Bonaparte and countless other heroes, adventurers and badmen who make up the splendid pageant which has followed the course of the Nile.

Through it all the Nile, mighty artery of life to land and people, flows majestically through the ages, while humanity grubs and claws its banks.



OFF TO A FRESH START

The Class of 1937

Harvey Loveless N.E. Conservatory of Music
Anne Hughes Forsythe Dental
John Schofield University of Minnesota
Jean Brigham Northfield Seminary
Robert Lord Mount Hermon School
Gladys Goddard

North Adams State Teachers' College
Hortense Platt Northfield Seminary
Janet Sherman Merrill Business School
Gladys Fish Massachusetts State College
George Morton Mount Hermon School
Chris Brushkevich

New London Coast Guard Academy
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Stockbridge School of Agriculture
Ruth Boyington

North Adams State Teachers' College
Charles Kennedy Columbia University
Helen Fitch Massachusetts State College
Kathryn Krone Beaver College
Ashton White Bowdoin College
John Cooney Holy Cross College
Jeanne Phillips Massachusetts State College
Helen Krone Beaver College
Ruth Mills Rockford College

Eleanor Wade University of North Carolina
Fred Stebbins Johns Hopkins
Carolyn Finklestein Smith
Marguerite Brielman Massachusetts State
Evelyn Bergstrom Massachusetts State
Joseph Farrell St. John's Preparatory School

ON HONOR ROLL

Saul Gruener and Elmer Lombard were mentioned on the scholastic honor list at Massachusetts State College last semester.

STUDIED T.V.A.

John Adams, a junior at Dartmouth College, spent the summer in Tennessee, studying the T.V.A.

THIRD HONORS

Richard Scharmann, sophomore at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, won third honors for his work during the second semester of last year.

HONORS AT SMITH

On the Dean's List at Smith College are: Carol D. Hayward P. H. S. '34; Isabelle Lehman P. H. S. '34; Marilyn Cooney P. H. S. '35; Edmay Vienneau P. H. S. '34 and Virginia Wade P. H. S. '36.

CAMP FIRE SCHOLARSHIP

The Pittsfield Board of Sponsors for Camp Fire Girls has awarded its annual scholarship of \$150 to Catherine McGill. She has entered Berkshire Business College.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Betty Mitchell and Alexander Jarvie have four year scholarships at the University of Rochester and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute respectively. Betty also won the Pittsfield College Club's scholarship of \$100 this summer.

TO STUDY MEDICINE

Stanley Simkin, 1932, who graduated from Williams College cum laude in June, has entered the Long Island University College of Medicine.



my dearly beloved fellow students, everyone always picks on those poor little children who have just entered the portals of our wonderful school to mingle with the great and wise upperclassmen. you know who i mean, of course, now i have decided to give their big brothers' faces a chance to get red; i am going to push the big handsome juniors around.

your cousin oscar's pet jeep—jepson

JJJJJ

A Sophomore knows not and knows that he knows not.

A Junior knows not and knows not that he knows not.

A Senior knows and knows not that he knows.

And the Faculty know and know that they know.

JJJJJ

A man's wife's brother's sister's mother's son-in-law's brother's wife's son's mother's mother is the man's brother's mother-in-law.

JJJJJ

Mr. Herrick: "And the answer to this problem is 2B."

Wally Morgan: "2B or not 2B."

JJJJJ

"Are you doing anything for that cold?"
"Sure, I sneeze whenever it wants me to."

JJJJJ

Coach Carmody: "Hey you, mark time."

George Milne: "With my feet, sir?"

Coach: "Have you ever seen anything mark time with its hands?"

Milne: "Yes, sir, clocks, sir."

Miss Morse: "What is a mandate?"

Ruth Burghart: "A date with a gentleman."

JJJJJ

Mr. Conroy: "What is the formula sign for water?"

Bright Junior: "H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O."

Mr. Conroy: "What do you mean?"

B. J.: "Why, you said it was H to O."

JJJJJ

Mr. Innis was complaining to his German III class one day that he was seeing double. But how can he help it if the Kierstead twins are always sitting in front of him?

JJJJJ

A blotter is something you spend your time looking for while the ink is drying.

JJJJJ

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS

Twice each month I've had to bundle.
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaners—won't you, darling,
Love me more and powder less?

JJJJJ

"Why the long face?"

"I've ceased to be broad-minded."

JJJJJ

In order to stop the complaints about the smell of burning rubber, caused by guessing students, I have decided to relieve my fellow schoolmates and tell them what the J's between the lines mean.

Jepson, the Jeep's Joker Justly Jumps on Juniors.

Buy me an orchid

J. J.

PUZZLES

By Friend Kierstead, Jr.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

Here's how it works out:—

Each year has	365 days
Subtract:	
52 Sunday holidays	52 "
52 Saturday half-holidays	26 "
8 hours rest each day	122 "
8 hours sleep each day	122 "
Average of one hour fifty minutes a day for lunch, sickness, etc.	28 "
Two weeks' vacation	14 "

Which leaves 1 day
And that, being Labor Day, nobody works

WORD CHANGING

For the benefit of the Sophomores, we shall again explain how this is done. Take the first word and, changing one letter at a time and forming a complete English word each time, form the second word. Thus, WORK to HARD:—work, worD, wArD, Hard. In this manner change SLOW to FAST in 6 moves, and CALL to COME in 5 moves.

ARITHMETIC TEST

Take the total of the nine digits; add the total of the digits in a quarter to twelve; subtract the number of holes in a full golf course; multiply the total by the day of the month that Labor Day came on this year; and divide the product by the number of letters in the name of next month. What is your answer?

LETTER WRITING

By substituting words of the same sound for each of the symbols in the following selection, decipher the poem hidden in it:—

O O N O O
U O A O O I O U
O N O O O O M E 2
U O A O I D O S O
I O N O O I O U 2

HIDDEN STATES

Find five states hidden in the sentences below:—

Selma, I need bread. Do you miss our information? I've visited Toronto, but never Montreal. That exasperates me continually. They've heard about a hungry wolf.

(Answers Next Month)

HALLOWE'EN AND ALL'S QUIET

(Continued from Page 15)

those pennies, and so does Mr. Cassidy 'cause I told him."

"Mr. Cassidy," called the Judge, "please come forward." "Yes, yer Riverence—er—ah—yer Honor," said Patrick Cassidy, ill at ease.

"Who stole the pennies, and other goods, Mr. Cassidy?" questioned the Judge, "and how do you know?"

"Well, ye see it was this way, yer honor—" began the old Irishman, "Miss Dayton here described the figger as bein' tall, and sorta thin, that alone was no clue, but the other day th' lass came to me an' told of how at the foot of the fince she stepped in some acid, probably discarded by the radio store. This acid turned the soles of her wee shoes white. So she thought, Your Honor, that the boy must have also stepped in it. Well, we found him and here he is."

Dramatically he produced "Lank" Brown, a notorious rascal, who was thoroughly disliked.

As Theva came out of the court house, Mr. Warren Talbot, editor of the "News" came up.

"Clever detective work, Theva," he said. "The News will feature it tonight. And now, may I drive you home?"

"Oh, yes, Warren—er—ah Mr. Talbot," and a very pink, but happy Hallowe'en detective stepped into the car and rode off.

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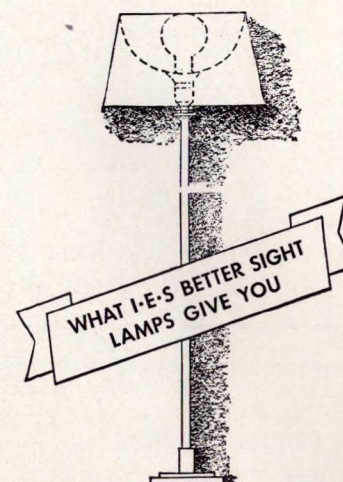
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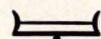
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